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Miscellaneous.

THE METHODIST PIONEERS AND THEIR WORK.

BY PROF. CHARLES J. LITTLE.

American life is a distinct historical product, as sharply differentiated from English and European life as was the Hellenic life of twenty-five centuries ago from the Mediterranean and Aryan life, out of which it emerged. Now sharply defined, historical products are never the outcome of deliberately conscious human energy. On the contrary, every city, every epoch, every nation is the result of individual impulses and intentions, which are fused into a great social enterprise by forces other and more than human. And what is true of any epoch or nation, is true of any one of its constitutive elements, whether political, intellectual or spiritual. Methodism as an organization, or Methodism as a living energy in American life, has come to be what it is, not because the character of the nineteenth century was forecast by the Methodists of the eighteenth, and all their efforts directed by some master human mind to the realization of such vivid forecast, but because the Methodists of the eighteenth century wrought in the eighteenth century according to the impulses and instincts of their redeemed natures, according to their judgment of the needs of the hour, leaving the nineteenth century to take care of itself, or, rather, to be taken care of by Him, who is so everlastingly to everlasting. Absorbed as they were in the value of the individual soul, their imaginations were not kindled by any dreams of ecclesiastical empire; pictures of modern Methodist edifices, or of modern Methodist aspirations could have yielded them no inspiration. They believed, and therefore they spoke; they had souls to take care of, and they cared for them by the best methods which their intellects could devise. Leaving to God the business of opening doors, and accepting for themselves the humbler business of entering such doors as He might open, enabled the Methodist pioneers, as it enables all the elect of God, to do a work, of whose importance and magnitude the furthest sighted of them all had only faint and uncertain glimpses.

When Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge were thinking and praying about leaving Ireland, Captain Thomas Webb, his right arm wounded, his right eye gone, his great commander dead upon the field of glory, was returning to England from the heights of Abraham which his valor had helped to win. Quebec was taken in 1759; with its capture and the destruction of Pontiac, a few years later, passed away forever the French dominion beyond the Alleghany Mountains. Frederick County, Maryland, where Strawbridge settled, was upon the frontier when he settled at Sam's Creek. Beyond it westward were a few forts, the Indians and the wilderness. Little did he dream, when he erected the log meeting-house, in which his little society of twelve or fifteen met worship, of the vast food of human beings which was soon to pour across the mountains that separated them from the vast tracts which Wolfe and his army had won for the English colonists. Little did he dream, when he sang with that sweet voice of his the first Methodist hymns to his few neighbors, of the vast throngs which would re-echo them in future years, from the yet unpeopled wilderness.

Just as little did Philip Embury foresee, as he sailed up New York harbor in 1760, the Brooklyn bridge, swinging aloft above the activities, the charities, the prayers, the crimes of two millions of human beings, for the New York of his day had only twenty thousand inhabitants.

Quebec fell in 1759, and with it French dominion in the West. The Stamp Act was passed in 1765; its passage determined the independence of the English colonies in America. The Methodist societies of 1766 were to be cradled amidst the excitements of the Revolution, but the little company upon the Maryland frontier, the larger company which listened to Embury in the zig-zag-loft of New York, even fiery Capt. Webb, with his "Whitfieldian declamation," were too intent upon saving their neighbors' souls to be busied with forecasts of coming political changes. Unconscious of the future, save in a larger sense, these three, Strawbridge, moved by his own fervor, Embury, aroused from his torpor by the spiritual energy of Barbara Heck, Webb, following the impulses of a heart whose natural fire the Holy Spirit had kindled to a pure white glow, founded the early societies of Maryland, New York and Pennsylvania. Alike only in their devotion to their Master, and their readiness for sacrifice, each is a striking personality.

THE PIONEER FOUNDERS.

Strawbridge, an Irishman from County Leitrim, poor, adventurous, courageous and full of zeal. "A stout, heavy man who looked as if he was built for service." A charming companion, with his countryman's gift of persuasive speech, and a touch of their untrifling. But his neighbors loved him, and not only listened to his hymns and sermons, but farmed his land during his absence, that others too might listen to his sweet voice. A licensed local preacher only, he traveled through Maryland, was the first Methodist

preacher to gather converts in Virginia, held meetings in the house of Martin Boehm, in Pennsylvania, and sang the hymns of Wesley in Delaware and Jersey. Asbury's stern note of his death is, rightly interpreted, a striking tribute to the influence and power of Robert Strawbridge. Grimly severe, unlovely in his harshness, it shows how Strawbridge's unyielding opposition had jarred upon the great commander. Asbury was himself capable of what, to an imperiously honest nature, are the greatest of all sacrifices—the sacrifice of honest conviction, of cherished habits, of action, of slowly matured purposes,

when required in the interests of harmony. Quietly submitting himself to so much that he did not approve, the insubordination, even of those whose views he shared, could never attract his sympathy. But Strawbridge was right in his contention. All conjectures of what might have been are full of peril, yet one is fain to ask whether Asbury's own lot and the lot of all native Methodist preachers during the Revolution, might not have been much easier, had Strawbridge prevailed in the sacramental controversy, even at the risk of a break with Mr. Wesley.

Philip Embury, though like Strawbridge born in Ireland, inherited the nature of his German parents, who were fugitives from the Palatinate. Born in 1730, converted in his twenty-second year, he arrived in New York in 1760 as a skillful carpenter who could readily find work in the growing seaport. A quiet, unassuming man, not without gifts, earnest, with depths of perseverance in him, once his soul began to flow out in speech and work under the influence of his passionate and energetic cousin, Barbara Heck. Building with his own hand the pulpit from which he preached, in old John Street Chapel, within two years of its consecration in 1768, he saw around him a thousand of the twenty thousand people who then resided in New York. From New York city he removed to Washington county; here he became preacher and magistrate among his new neighbors; organized a Methodist society, of which he was the leader until his sudden death in 1775. Embury's efforts in New York, originated by Barbara Heck, were stimulated, quickened, driven onward to marvelous success by the presence of Capt. Thomas Webb. This soldier of King George and King Jesus enters the early history of American Methodism like the blast of a trumpet. From the hour that he announces himself to the half-frightened company at Embury's house as "soldier of the cross and a spiritual son of John Wesley," a new energy stirs the little flock. The man described by John Adams as "one of the most eloquent men he ever heard" was no mean preacher. Yet in the prime of life, for he was but forty-two years of age, his noble mien, his commanding voice, the fire of his one unshaded eye, were only indications of a soul, large, generous, fearless, indomitable. He gave of his eloquence, he gave of his money; he wrote to England imploring the help of Mr. Wesley, under whose preaching he had been converted and by whom he had been licensed to preach; he traveled to Philadelphia and begged for money to take on his own liberal donation. He sold religious books and gave the profit for the debt of the church, preaching wherever he went. He passed through New Jersey; he was the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, and gave of his money to help St. George's Church. He established a society in Long Island, and preached in Delaware as early as 1769. At a later period he was in Baltimore. Upon his return from England in 1773 he brought with him Shadford and Rankin as missionaries, the latter to superintend the societies in America. But before this, Pilmoor and Boardman, Williams, Wright and Asbury had already come over in response to his urgent appeals for help. The revolutionary troubles breaking out, he returned to England, where he continued to preach with power until his death in 1796.

How sharply contrasted are these three men! The impetuous but sweet-voiced Strawbridge, the diffident, tearful Embury, the fiery, energetic, strong-voiced, large-hearted Webb! They may be called the pioneer founders of American Methodism. They came to America, not as missionaries, but two of them to seek a living, and a third in the service of his king. Their religious activity was the necessary outcome of their religious experience, and the spiritual destination of their neighbors. Untrained, though not illiterate, they demonstrated once more the contagious character of earnest conviction, the diffusive nature of living faith. Seizing upon the truths which were *his*, they preached them in the light of their own experience. Their speech was what spiritual speech always should be, the mere overflow of a well of living water which was in them to everlasting life.

THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES.

Let me speak next of the Wesleyan missionaries. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor were sent from England in 1769, Richard Wright and Francis Asbury in 1771; Thomas Rankin and George Shadford came over with Captain Webb in 1773; Robert Williams and John King were not sent over, but came of their own accord, both of them in 1769. Williams was an Irishman, Rankin was a Scotchman, the others were English. They were all young men, Pilmoor, the oldest, being thirty-five, Asbury, the youngest, but twenty-six. Pilmoor had been educated at Kingswood school; the others, King excepted, had no such training. Williams was madly in earnest; King was blunt, simple, courageous; Boardman was "pious, good-natured, sensible, greatly beloved by all who knew him." Pilmoor was Yorkshire built in body and character, intrepid, eloquent, full of action and of power; Rankin austere earnest, untiring in his devotion to his Master, but without unusual gifts of mind or character.

Shadford was serious, pathetic, full of Scripture and the Holy Ghost. Pilmoor became in later years rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, where he died in 1825. Williams, King and Asbury, died in America, as Methodist preachers. Boardman, Wright, Rankin and Shadford left America when the troubles of the American Revolution thickened about them and never returned, though Shadford, who was the last to leave, parted from Asbury in tears, and was long remembered by the older American Methodists.

The position of an English Wesleyan in America, from 1770 to 1784, was one

of peculiar embarrassment and peril. Loyal to his king, he was still more loyal to Mr. Wesley, and when the latter pronounced disloyalty a sin, his American missionaries were in sore straits indeed. Asbury, whose reticence was sometimes carried to the verge of unwisdom, secretly sympathized with the colonists, but held his peace, and declined to take the Maryland oath.

Nothing but the amazing fortitude and dauntless courage of the native preachers saved American Methodism in this trying hour. Held accountable for Mr. Wesley's opinion, and for the conduct of any who might claim to be Methodist preachers, to be a Methodist was to excite suspicion, and provoke persecution. Garrettson nearly killed, Hartly whipped and imprisoned, Caleb Peddle beaten and injured for life, Forrest and Wren committed to jail; neither stripes nor bonds could reach the souls of these intrepid men. They were not of their time because they were above their time. If their passion for independence was less vehement than that of others, it was because they were anxious to see men freed from the bondage of a tyrant more terrible than King George or Parliament; to break the fetters of a slavery of which all political slavery is but a consequence.

Asbury was forced to seek the shelter of Judge White's, in Delaware, and not until John Dickinson gave him a letter of commendation to the Governor of Maryland did he resume his work within the borders. Upon the coming of Coke and Whatcoat, in 1784, he alone remained of those who had come from England; he, when the storm subsided, was here to hold the faithful hand together.

So much will be said of Asbury during these sittings, that I am tempted to utter no word of this extraordinary man. Yet who can pass his form in silence? A robust figure, a face of blended sweetness and severity, an eye that saw far more than it revealed, a voice, steadiest by an iron will, but tremulous with feelings that sometimes shook his soul as a reed is shaken by the wind. He had none of Williams' wild earnestness; he was without the charm of Strawbridge, or the gentle harmlessness of Richard Whatcoat. He had not the thorough humanness of Jesse Lee, or the mystical tenderness and strength of Freeborn Garrettson.

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart, Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

He had refused to live in cities, and by his ceaseless movements, kept alive the arterial system of early Methodism. How different were the men who fell into each other's arms at Barrett's Chapel on the 14th of November, 1784—Thomas Coke, the only child of a wealthy house, and Francis Asbury, the only son of an English gardener! The one, an Oxford graduate, the other, the self-taught scholar of a frontier world. Coke, impulsive, fluent, rhetorical; Asbury, reticent, pithy, of few words, but mighty in speech, when stirred by a great theme, a great occasion, or the inrushings of the Holy Spirit. Coke's mind was as mobile as his character was stable. Asbury's conclusions matured of themselves, and once formed, were as steadfast as his love for Christ. Coke could never separate himself wholly from England; Asbury could never separate himself from America.

Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times; Asbury never crossed it but once, not even to see his aged mother, for whose comfort he would have sold his last shirt and parted with his last dollar. Coke founded missions in the West Indies, in Africa, in Asia, in England, in Wales, in Ireland; Asbury took one continent for his own, and left the impress of his colossal nature upon every community within its borders. Coke was rich and gave generously of his abundance; out of his poverty Asbury supported his aged parents, smoothed the declining years of the widow of John Dickins, helped the poor encountered on his ceaseless journeys, and at last, gave to the church the legacies intended for his comfort by loving friends. Coke was twice married; Asbury refused to bind a woman "to his life of sacrifice, and the man whom little children ran to kiss and hug, was buried in a childless grave. Both were loved, both were at times misunderstood, both were sharply dealt with by some of their dearest friends, but Asbury was not only opposed and rebuked, he was vilified and traduced. Neither shrank from danger or from hardships, but Asbury's life was continuous hardship, until, at last, rest itself could yield him no repose. A sort of spiritual Cromwell, compelling obedience at every cost to himself as well as others, Asbury could have broken his mother's heart to serve the cause for which he died daily. Coke lies buried beneath the waves he crossed so often, but around the tomb of Asbury beat continually the surges of an ever-increasing human life, whose endless agonies shall feel, until the end of time, the shapings of his invisible, immortal hand.

Of Whatcoat, of Vasey, I will not speak; a few words only of John Dickins, the first book agent, and the projector of the First Methodist College. To Robert Williams is due the credit of printing the first Methodist books, but Mr. Wesley was unwilling that any books of his should be sold for private gain, and Williams' enterprise was brought to a speedy end. Dickins, at great financial sacrifice, managed the Book Room which was established in Philadelphia in 1789, with skill and success, and died there of yellow fever in 1798. English born, an Eton scholar, he came early to America, and joined the itinerants in 1777. When the fever came to Philadelphia, he wrote to Asbury, "From the jaws of death," stating his determination not to flee the city.

"And because," he writes to his mother, "of what happened to me when I was in England." I would give much to know what it was!

"For piety, probity, profitable preaching, holy living, Christian education for his children, secret closet prayer," writes Bishop Asbury, "I doubt whether his superior is to be found either in Europe or America."

(To be continued.)

THE DISPOSITION AND REPORTING OF CENTENNIAL GIFTS.

Questions like the following, just received, are now not infrequently being asked by the pastors who have held their Centennial services:—

1. To whom are the moneys contributed for various purposes to be paid?

2. If any of the people pay moneys for the Preachers' Aid Society, Missions, Church Extension, etc., shall these be paid with the usual collections for these objects, or paid separately to a Centennial committee?

3. Shall moneys paid to such objects, as "Centennial" contributions, be counted and reported with the ordinary collections reported in the Minutes?

4. Shortly before the last session of the Annual Conference, two of my brethren, at Dr. Crowell's solicitation, subscribed, each, \$100 to Wilbraham Academy. These subscriptions are paid in this Conference year. Is it, or is it not, right to count these in with our "Centennial" gifts, among the recipients of which Wilbraham Academy is designated?

5. Are Centennial contributions to be reported in the General Conference Minutes, under the head of "Other Collections?"

To all such inquiries the Centennial Committee of the New England Conference can only give the answer found in the "General Conference Plan," published gratuitously by the Tract Society, and supposed to be in every preacher's hands for guidance and for distribution.

"It shall be the duty of every preacher in charge to report to his Annual Conference or Mission, at its first session after the Centennial services, the character and amount of all gifts entitled to be considered as Centennial offerings from his charge, and it shall be the duty of the secretary of each Annual Conference or Mission, immediately after the close of the said session, to make a full and accurate report of the character and amount of all the offerings of the entire Conference or Mission, and to send the same to the Book Agents, Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York, who are hereby charged with the duty of receiving the Centennial reports of the secretaries of the Annual Conferences and Missions, and of transmitting them in digested form to the General Conference of 1888."

In other words, no gifts whatever are to be paid over to the Centennial Committee of the Annual Conference. All moneys and subscriptions received by the pastor must be given, according to the several designations of the donors, to the treasurers or other persons legally entitled to receive them respectively.

In this Conference, according to Conference vote, all the *undesignated* gifts received in box-collections, etc., at the Centennial services, belong to the New England Education Society. So much as to the pastor's duty in disposing of the gifts and subscriptions received.

Now, as to his "report to his Annual Conference." He is to report in writing "all gifts entitled to be considered as Centennial offerings from his charge."

What are these?

1. All gifts by subscription or otherwise, made on Centennial Day, or with the understanding that it was the giver's Centennial thank-offering or a part of the same; provided only (1), that in case any of these are found to be for objects not recommended by the Annual or General Conference, said object must be considered "suitable" and the gift acceptable; (2), that in case any of these gifts are found to be for "the liquidation of debts upon churches and parsonages" but "one-half" of these particular offerings may be included in the report as Centennial thank-offering of the charge.

2. The General Conference Plan provides that in the Sunday-school offering for education on last Children's Day, "any excess over the offering of last year shall be credited to the Centennial Thank-offering of the charge, though paid over, of course, to the Children's Fund of the Board of Education in New York."

3. The General Conference further says that "as in the case of the Children's Offering, so in the case of all our regular annual benevolent collections, any excess of the sum contributed in any charge during the Conference year, which includes Christmas week, 1884, when compared with the sum contributed for the same cause the preceding year, may be reckoned and credited as a portion of the Centennial thank-offering of the charge from which it comes."

But in determining in the case of any benevolent collection whether there is an excess, or how great it is, it would be manifestly improper to include in this year's collection for this particular cause any gift for it already reported under class No. 1 above.

These, then, are the three classes of gifts which are understood to be included under the designation of "gifts entitled to be considered as Centennial offerings from a charge," and which it is the pastor's duty to report. To facilitate the work of preparing such a report, the General Conference resolved "That all the financial agents appointed by the Annual Conferences to solicit gifts for educational or other institutions during the Centennial year, be requested to assist the preachers in charge in the fulfillment of the above assigned duty by furnishing them full information respecting the gifts, to the credit of which their respective charges are entitled."

Finally, the pastor's report must state not only the "amount," but also the "character," of all the Centennial offerings of his charge; that is, must state the amount given to each of the various objects or institutions to which they were respectively devoted.

In order that there may be time to digest the multitudinous details into a correct general report of the total thank-offering of the Conference. If there is still a charge in which the Centennial service has not been held, let it move in the matter at once. A single delinquent charge will disgrace the entire Conference. However small the offering, let every church be heard from.

WILLIAM F. WARREN.

Church News.

MAINE.

Our venerable friend and brother, Rev. D. B. Randall, has been re-elected chaplain of the House of Representatives for the session which opened last Wednesday. The choice was a worthy tribute to Bro. Randall's service in the party, as well as his work for reform.

The last quarterly meeting at Gardiner was a season of special interest. The love-feast was of the old-fashioned type. Dr. Allen preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon, and gave an address on "Methodism in Maine," in the evening. The communion was the largest enjoyed for years.

Rev. W. H. Condon, of Eustis, is greatly beloved by his people, and his return for another year is unanimously requested. Among his many holiday presents was a nice watch from friends outside the church. An increasing religious interest prevails on the charge, and several have been converted. Five persons were baptized at the quarterly meeting by Presiding Elder Pottle, two of whom were children of the pastor.

A new class of twenty-three members has been formed near South Arson, Rev. J. Robinson, pastor. The quarterly meeting recently held there was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

A revival spirit prevails at Stark, several having been converted. Rev. P. E. Norton is in labor abundant. Twenty-seven were present at a recent class-meeting.

The school at Ken's Hill is enjoying a more than usual pleasant and prosperous winter term, with a larger than usual number of students in attendance. Several of the students have been converted this term. Meetings were held afternoon and evening during the week of prayer.

The pastor, Rev. J. B. Lapham, has received many tokens of esteem and appreciation during his pastorate at the Hill, and at Christmas received two envelopes well filled with money for himself and wife, besides valuable and beautiful presents for all the members of the pastor's family. This desirable charge will of necessity be open for some fortunate brother.

A glorious revival is in progress at Saccapara. Forty persons are reported converted during the first week of the meeting. Bro. Martin is assisted by the Bailey evangelists, Allen and Jones. These brethren are doing a grand work. They have just left Biddeford, where they were converted under their labors in the Baptist Church.

A good revival interest has been enjoyed in Monmouth in the Methodist Episcopal congregation. Bro. Holmes is at present laid aside by inflammation of the eyes. He has done excellent work at Monmouth, and his labors are appreciated by the people.

At the South Franklin Sunday-school Conference, Rev. J. M. Frost, of Wilton, preached a sermon in the evening, Jan. 12. The following evening Rev. Henry Crockett, a local preacher, living in Chesterfield, met with a severe loss in the destruction of his house by fire.

In Gov. Robt's message to the Legislature he advocates the passage of laws that will allow women to hold all offices not prohibited by the constitution. The message approves with considerable emphasis the prohibitory policy of the State.

— Biddeford. — The Biddeford Church adopted a new method of celebrating Christmas. Instead of the usual festive, quite a number of poor families were made glad by the presentation of provisions and money. Through the generosity of the church and its friends, about one hundred dollars were distributed; and it seems to us that it was a very Christian way to spend Christmas. Dec. 28 was observed as Centennial day, and appropriate services were preached.

Within the past few weeks a few who have been backslidden for a long time have renewed their vows, and are now among our most efficient workers. Special services were commenced Dec. 24, and are still continued. Quite a number have been reclaimed and converted, and the interest seems to be deepening continually.

Our watch-night service was a season of great interest and power, commencing at 7.30 and continuing until a little past twelve, with only twenty minutes' intermission. The entire service was a social one. Rev. Wescott Bullock was with us, and added much to the interest.

On the first Sabbath of the new year six were baptized; and in the evening, besides a large number of prayers and songs of praise, one hundred and twenty-five gave in their testimonies for Jesus. Our most excellent brother and efficient treasurer, Daniel Bragdon, is in great sorrow. His wife died on the 6th inst. after a very painful illness of ten weeks' continuance. She leaves three children, one babe. She and her husband were converted during the writer's former pastorate, and during the last ten years they have been among the most faithful and useful members of the church. The funeral services were held in the church on the 8th inst. The large place that she filled in the hearts of the people was evinced by the large congregation that nearly filled the house. The floral tributes were beautiful and in excellent taste. Rev. E. T. Adams assisted in the services, much to the comfort of the mourning friends.

Another of our members, Sister Sinnot, is to be buried to-day (Jan. 9). Thus God is admonishing us to be also ready.

A. S. L.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Twenty-five persons were received into the church at Winchester, the first Sabbath of the year, and nine others were baptized. Bro. F. C. Pillsbury is the pastor.

Brother Arvay reports that at St. Paul's Church, Manchester, seventeen joined on probation, Jan. 11. These are additional to those reported the week before. In the evening of the same day several others gave their hearts to Christ. During the week of prayer the pastor was assisted by Bros. Cole and Perkins and Presiding Elder Clift.

Rev. G. M. Curl, of Littleton, is closing his third year very pleasantly. The pews in the church are well taken—only room to seat ten persons remaining unrented. While the pastor and wife were out to dine on Christmas, the people took possession of the parsonage, removed the old carpet in the parlor, and put down a new one, introduced a new table with marble top, a hanging lamp, mirror, an easy rocking-chair, lambrequins, new curtains, also new ones in the pastor's study, and partly refurnished the sleeping-room. Once before

they refurnished a chamber throughout. Christmas evening they remembered the pastor and family with some nice presents; among others was a fine rocking-chair. This place will furnish an opening for some good man in the spring. He deserves no pity who goes there.

Rev. A. F. Baxter, pastor of the M. E. Church at Lisbon, returned from a five weeks' vacation just in time to participate in the observance of Christ's nativity. The festivities had been arranged by the pastor's wife and people during his absence, and the exercises, musical and literary, were excellent. After prayer-meeting on New Year's Eve, the pastor returned home to find the parsonage occupied to overflowing by his parishioners, who spent an hour or two in pleasant exchange of greetings. When the company dispersed, the dining table was found to be literally loaded with all sorts of packages containing pounds of excellent provision for the natural wants of man. There appears to be an unusual spirit of activity in the church. The first Sunday evening prayer-meeting of the year was impressive and promising.

The holiday festivities brought to Rev. F. E. White, of Spring, a gold watch; to Rev. J. H. Haines, \$100 in cash; and to Rev. J. F. Spaulding, \$60.

Rev. G. A. McLaughlin has spent a week in labor with the church at Milton Mills.

Rev. W. A. Loyne is to spend a month in the northern part of the State in the interest of his church. He is soliciting funds to secure the parsonage lot. His pulpit is supplied during his absence.

The four day's meetings being held by the Lawrence churches have been very successful. At Bowdwell Street about twenty-five were converted, many of them heads of families. Such manifestations of spiritual power as were given are rarely seen.

At Gardin Street, Jan. 4, three adults were baptized, and seven received into full connection.

Not many of our pastors enjoy a second pastorate with the same people, especially after a lapse of only three years; but Rev. J. F. Spaulding, having spent three years at East Salisbury, and then three at Hampton, has gone again to East Salisbury. They were very much in need of a chapel in which to hold the social meetings. To begin such a project was a difficult task, but our brother was equal to it, and on the 25th of last September the work began. The building is located just north of the church, and connected with it by a porch. It has a seating capacity for 225 persons, and is so arranged that it may be converted into three separate rooms. They are heated by an invention of Bro. S., which is said to be very ingenious, and are lighted by two Frink reflectors and two Chicago burners. The expense of the lighting apparatus was paid for by the young folks. The estimated cost of the building, exclusive of land and furnishing, was \$1,200, and this estimate was exceeded by only \$2. It is not an over calculation as so well made. It is all paid for but \$95, and part of that is subscribed. Rev. M. T. Clifley presented an elegant Bible, and Mrs. Martha A. Pike a clock. The preacher's desk is a handsome specimen of carved work, and is the workmanship of Bro. Spaulding. The services of dedication took place New Year's day at 2.30 p. m. It being centennial year, and this being among the oldest of our appointments, it was proper that one of the oldest, if not the oldest member of the Conference should preach the dedicatory sermon. Rev. Elton Scott was selected for that purpose. He was a former pastor, is eighty years old, and has spent fifty-nine years in the ministry. He acquitted himself well. Rev. Mr. Peterson, of Newburyport, offered the dedicatory prayer. The evening sermon was by Rev. D. W. Downs, of Newmarket, a former pastor. Rev. W. A. Rand, a Congregationalist pastor of Seabrook, was present and took part in the services. One of the latest novelties was a collection taken to purchase a quilt made by members of the "True School," which is to be presented to the first child born this year in the town. Considerable interest is felt in this disposal. Before the close of the exercises, Bro. Spaulding was called to an account by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, who summed up the work of the ladies to his help, and in a few well-chosen words, in behalf of friends, he wished him a "Happy New Year" and presented him with a purse of \$60. It was more than Bro. Spaulding could endure, and he gave vent to his feelings in an address of thanks and good wishes for the welfare of his parishioners. The people of this charge are greatly encouraged by the success of their enterprise, and there is considerable interest developing in the manner of repairing the interior of the church, which shows the result of twenty-five years' constant use since it was repaired.

A watch-meeting of the olden type was held at Dover. Programmes were printed and circulated. The services began at nine o'clock. The sermon was by Rev. Thomas Tyrie, of Great Falls. At the covenant services, all subscribed to their membership and baptismal vows and repeated the Apostles' Creed. Bro. Durrell also read the General Rules. Over a hundred remained through the entire service, which was very impressive.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society held a district meeting at Portsmouth, Tuesday, Dec. 30. It was in charge of Mrs. Rev. J. M. Darrell, the district secretary. Nine churches were represented, and the exercises throughout were very interesting and profitable. One of the enjoyable features of the meeting was the presence of Mrs. Dr. Butler. At 11 a. m. there was a prayer service, followed by a question-box. At noon dinner was served in the chapel by the ladies of the Portsmouth church. At 2 p. m. papers were read, and the subjects discussed were a very free and profitable. Miss Hattie Bickford, of Dover, read a well-written paper on "Women of Methodism," sketching the lives of some of the great women of our church, and the work of some of the women who have helped to make our church great. Miss Abbie Meadowcroft, of Wesley Church, Haverhill, handled the subject, "How to Interest Young Ladies in the Mission Work," in a thoughtful and practical manner. Mrs. Tyrie, of Great Falls, read a strong paper on "The W. F. M. Society—Is it a Help or Hindrance to the Parent Society?" showing not only that it did not interfere with the Parent Society, but was an actual help, and sustained her points by quotations from high authority. Mrs. Nason, of Rochester, urged the more extensive use of mile-boxes, and instances were given where societies were organized on the mile-box plan of laying by two cents a week. Mrs. Littlefield, of South Newmarket, gave a well-written paper on "Bible and Bible suggestions on 'Metta' of 'Killing' money," demonstrating the fact that one can give if they will. An interesting lecture of the day session was the 'Lovers from girls in Pekin and Barilly supported by auxiliaries on the district. Mrs. Butler spoke briefly about the sacrifices of Hindoo to carry on mission work. In the evening Mrs. Butler delivered a very interesting address, contrasting her first and last visit to India, and giving God praise for all that has been done. It was listened to very attentively. Mrs. Darrell spoke earnestly, exhorting all to greater activity in the work. It was a meeting that will do much good.

Our Book Table.

DISCOURSES ON SOME THEOLOGICAL DOCTRINES AS RELATED TO THE REDEMPTIVE WORK OF CHRIST, by EDWARD A. PARK, D. D. Andover: Warren, 1884. Draper. 8vo, 390 pp. Price, \$2.50. It is both a literary and a religious event to be able to welcome a volume of sermons from the hand of Prof. Park. They are discourses written with care, and suggested by class-room discussions rather than by pastoral incidents, but they have been, also, delivered to many appreciative audiences outside of the Seminary precincts. We well remember a hearing of one of them upon "All the Moral Attributes of God Comprehended in His Love." The first sermon is a noble election discourse, delivered before Gov. Briggs and his Council, and the Legislature of 1883. It is a regret all the more the action of the General Council of last year in giving up this time-honored custom. This notable volume contains fourteen sermons. They are eminently practical, but eminently instructive discourses, showing the relation of the doctrines of the New Testament to human experience and the affairs and incidents of life. They are eminently helpful and inspiring. In this public sermon the professor has added to their value by notes and very full appendices. This is a volume that our ministerial readers will deem a necessary addition to their libraries, and any intelligent layman will be sure to find ample interest and profit in its careful reading.

THE MESSAGES OF THE BOOKS: Being Discourses and Notes on the Books of the New Testament, by F. W. FARRAR, D. D., F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Octavo, 532 pp., \$3.50. For sale in Boston by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. This is an admirable work, executed with all the grace and abundant scholarship of its able and popular author. It consists of discourses upon the different books of the New Testament, their authors, time of writing, genuineness, their characteristics, contents, difficulties, etc. This work is not a body of dry details, but is invested with all the life and picturesqueness of no tale in the "Life of Christ" by the same author, when the prophecies and Epistles are passing under so relentless and destructive a criticism.

A YEAR'S MINISTRY, by Alexander MacLaren, D. D. Second edition. First and Second Series. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 12mo, \$1.50 each. This is a volume of the New York City and Manchester weekly. The author is an eloquent Baptist clergyman of that city, whose sermons are nearly as popular in print as those of Spurgeon and Dr. Parker. There is perhaps a wider variety of subjects treated in the sermons of the great Baptist preacher of the London Tabernacle. They are much more polished and eloquent, and yet are direct, Scriptural, and full of the marrow of the Gospel. The two volumes will amply illustrate the occasion of the ministry of Dr. MacLaren, and show how deeply and spiritually a course of sermons are enjoyed through the year by the people waiting upon his ministry.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The True Story of a Great Life, by William O. Stoddard, with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. New York: H. Holt & Co. 8vo, 508 pp. Cloth, \$2.75. It is a singular coincidence that two full lives of the great President should come from the press at the same time. The first, by Mr. Stoddard, is a history of the man, his life, his character, his actions, and his place in the history of the nation. The second, by Mr. Christy, is a series of characteristic sayings, during the eventful period of the war, while he was at the head of the great struggle, the discussion of the great issues, the action of Congress, and the popular judgments, this volume has a peculiar interest. With a character so rich and ample as that of Mr. Lincoln, it can be discussed on many sides without weariness. The best of the best of the most familiar students of the career of Mr. Lincoln into its interested perusal.

THOMAS WHITTAKER PUBLISHES, THE GATES OF THE TEMPLE, PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN, AND A TINY FOOTBALL WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATE, by the author of "The Gates of the Temple." The volume, the latter a very pathetic and tender work of consolation for a household bereaved of a little child.

Roberts & Brothers issue, in their series of "Famous Women," THE LIFE OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 16mo, \$1.00. We have known of this remarkable woman who lived for years outside the pale of the rules of social and domestic life, but was, without doubt, a true and pure woman of remarkable intellectual powers and kindness of feeling, chiefly through her biography, written by her husband, William Godwin, and the severe criticisms in the periodical literature of her times by her contemporaries of both sexes. Her views of marriage and those of her husband and daughter, who was with labor, Shelley before their union was legalized, rendered her amenable to this sharp den

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON V.

Sunday, February 1.
Acts 21: 15-20.
PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "And when they heard that he glorified the Lord" (Acts 21: 20).

2. PLACE: Jerusalem.

3. DATE: May, A. D. 58.

II. Introductory.

The final stage of Paul's third missionary journey was the seventy-five miles between Caesarea and Jerusalem. His company was increased by several of the Caesarean disciples and others, who were going up to the Holy City to attend the Feast of Pentecost; among them, one of the original disciples, Mnason of Cyprus, with whom the apostle and his companions were to lodge. Paul's steadfast but depressed spirit was greatly cheered by the welcome which he received from the brethren on his arrival; but he could not have been deceived as to the crisis which awaited him. At the conference with the elders of the mother church the next day a conference over which James presided, "the stern, white-robed, mysterious prophet," and at which the Gentile contributions which had cost such pains to take were doubtless handed over, though no notice or recognition of the facts contained in the narrative—Paul's rehearsal of the great things which God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry was the occasion of thanksgiving, it is true, but the deeper concern for his reputation and safety outweighed everything else. The city swarmed with Jews, bigoted and turbulent—the "very hotbed of a raging fanaticism." Even the Jewish Christians, who were now numbered by thousands, were all strict conformists—"zealous for the Law." Paul was charged—falsely, it is true, and yet the charge was firmly believed—with advocating apostasy from Moses, with teaching the Jews of the Dispersion not to circumcise their children, nor to follow ceremonial customs. His case and the peril to which he was exposed had been anxiously considered. The elders had a proposal to submit to him. If Paul would consent to some public act of conformity, if he would show by some signal observance that he respected the Law, the charge would be falsified, and his accusers disarmed. There were in the Christian communion four members bound by a temporary Nazirite vow, whose term of separation was nearly ended. Paul might join these, be identified with them, live in the chamber of the Temple reserved for such, and assume the cost of the sixteen sacrificial beasts and accompanying meat offerings necessary for the shaving of the head and other ceremonies incident to release from the vow. To do this would be deemed by a highly meritorious act. And Paul, perceiving that this concession involved the surrender of no essential principle—he had himself quite recently and voluntarily bound himself by a similar Nazirite vow—consented. It might look as though he yielded from timidity, it might lay his words and acts to the charge of inconsistency. To be careful not for misrepresentation. To the Jews he was willing to become as a Jew that he might save the Jews. The mere motive which had inspired him through all his course led him now to accept this distasteful proposal. On the next day he entered the Temple with his four paper companions, and announced to the priests his readiness to supply the necessary offerings at the end of the seven days which must elapse before the conclusion of the vow.

III. Expository.

1. The Arrival at Jerusalem (15-17).

15-17. After these days—At Caesarea. Took our carriage—R. V., "took up our baggage," more simply, made our preparations. A part of the baggage consisted of the Gentile contribution to the mother church. Went up to Jerusalem—probably on foot, arriving there, presumably, on the evening of the feast of Pentecost (May 17, A. D. 58). His arrival completed his third missionary journey. This was his fifth, and doubtless his last, visit to the Holy City. He went up "in loud spirit," he felt it a prisoner bound in chains. Went with us... disciples from Caesarea—These, with Paul's original companions, made a small caravan. Mnason of Cyprus, an old (R. V., "early") disciple—Nothing further is known of him. He was probably a resident in Jerusalem, and one of the original converts to Christianity either at Pentecost or earlier—one of those who "from the beginning" had been "eyes of the world." His home and heart were open to Paul and his companions during their stay. Mnason received us gladly—a genuine Christian, the welcome, very grateful, doubtless, to Paul, continued with the certainty of what awaited him. These were the friends of the Caesarean friends, the progressive party of the church, sympathizers with Christian Gentilism and its apostle.

Myer, while granting the above translation, "bringing with them one Mnason, an irregular Jew, a proselyte, with Luther, the rendering, 'who brought us to Mnason,' thus avoiding the supposed difficulty of assuming that Mnason was at Caesarea at this time.

2. The Conference with the Elders (18-19).

18. Paul went in with us unto James—evidently an appointed conference of Paul with his Gentile associates and the dignitaries of the church at Jerusalem. The "elders" were present, but none of the apostles. James, surnamed "the Just," the brother of our Lord—not to be confused with either James, the brother of John (who had been believed by Herod), nor James "the Less," the son of Alphaeus, and one of the Twelve—was now the official head of the mother church. He was the author of the Epistle bearing his name, and suffered martyrdom eleven years ago (A. D. 62), by being hurled from a pinnacle of the temple and then despatched by stoning.

No contemporaneous proof whatever exists that James was ever ordained to an official office above the eldership. If, however, there was any man more prominent than James who could claim to be a "prophet," a universal pontiff and bishop of the Christian Church, it was this brother of Christ, this apostle to whom the embassy and the tribute were paid, this prince of the house of David in David's ancient capital (Whedon).

19. Declared particularly what things—R. V., "rehearsed one by one the things." God had wrought among the Gentiles—Paul claimed nothing for himself but "his ministry;" the work of God, who had thereby given evidence that salvation was not to be restricted to the Jews—a truth, however, which the Jerusalem church had already recognized. Whether Paul described at this time his third missionary journey, or all three, cannot be determined. When he concluded—though singularly enough no mention is made of it—the contributions of the Gentile churches were probably formally transferred to James and his elders.

It was seven years before this that young Paul, as second to Barnabas, yet fresh in his unimpaired apostolate, had appeared at the Jerusalem council to discuss the same question. He had now grown in years, in labors, in achievements, and in a wide-spread and singular renown. Where were the Twelve? Save Peter, little is heard of their labors or names. But this Christian hero, now grown a veteran, comes, relating his own wonderful history, pointing to the monuments of his success, yet modestly bearing a peace-offering in his hand (Whedon).

3. The Conciliating Conversation (20-26).

20. Glorified the Lord—R. V., "glorified God." No narrow prejudices seem to have hindered this glad praise to God for the wonderful spread of the Gospel among the Gentiles. Said unto him—probably through James. Seest... how many thousands of Jews... believe—R. V., "seest how many thousands there are among the Jews of them which have believed." "Thousands," in the Greek, is "myriads"—a term used here indefinitely for a large number. Twenty-four years before, the number of converts was not more than five thousand. It must have increased very largely since that time. All zealous of (R. V., "for") the law—though believers in Christ, yet passionately devoted to the law and the Mosaic ritual.

The Jews of the first century in great numbers were willing to acknowledge Jesus as the Messiah, but they were reluctant to give up their privileges as the chosen race; and so they clung to their Law with an attachment more devoted than ever. The hostility of the Jewish Christians to Paul sprang from their consciousness that he looked upon the Law as abolished. A large body of them consequently withdrew from the church, and are known in ecclesiastical history as Nazarenes and Ebionites. The latter sect was very widely spread. They held, also, erroneous views respecting the person of Christ (Hosown and Spence).

21. They are informed of these—R. V., "They have been informed concerning these," by the Judaizing opponents of Paul. Teachest... Jews—among the Gentiles... to forsake Moses, and many, doubtless, were among the converts of his ministry. The charge brought against Paul was that he required from these apostasy from Moses, particularly in such vital requirements (to Jews) as circumcision, sacrifices, festivals, etc. There is clear evidence, from the apostle's writings, that this charge was false. Paul himself, on certain notable occasions, conformed to the rites of Judaism. He only contended that these rites were not essential to salvation, contrary to the Judaists, who were resolved to impose these rites upon the Gentile believers.

Paulism is sometimes clear-sighted in its blindness; and the Judaizers felt that when it was proclaimed that "circumcision was nothing," a rite essential to salvation, the day would come at no far distant date when circumcision would cease to be practiced, and the Law of Moses, which he joined it as the initial and principal rite, would become a dead letter (Hosown and Spence).

22, 23. What is it, therefore?—What course shall be taken, then, to set you right? The multi-tude must needs come together—omitted in R. V. For this will have—R. V., "they will certainly hear." That thou art come—Paul's movements were well known to his Judaistic enemies. Many of them were doubtless present at this feast, which was a Christian as well as a Jewish one. Every act of Paul would therefore be jealously, hostilely scrutinized. We have four men which have taken upon themselves a Nazirite vow, involving the non-cutting of the hair and sundry ascetic restrictions for a certain period, usually thirty days.

It is curious to observe that in the church of the Holy City the old Jewish customs were still observed. James himself seems to have followed this course, and, according to Hiegesippius, he lived the life of a Nazirite. "James drank no strong drink, neither did he eat flesh. No razor ever touched his head; he did not anoint himself with oil; he did not use the bath. He would enter the Temple alone, and be found there kneeling on his knees, and asking forgiveness for the people; so that his knees grew hard like a camel's knees because he was ever upon them worshipping God, and asking forgiveness for the people" (Hosown and Spence).

24. Then took—R. V., "these take." The expedient proposed is that Paul join these four men, become a Nazirite with them, and pay "the charges" involved in the sacrifices by which the vow was ended. By this conspicuous act of conformity Paul could show, better than by any arguments, the falsity of the reports concerning him—that he had taught the Jews not to keep the Law. Purify thyself with them—"be consecrated to them" (Meyer); be separated; conform to the Nazirite usages (Num. 6: 3-7). Be at charges with (R. V., "for") them—pay the cost of the sacrifices and offerings at the completion of the vow. Shave their heads—During the period of separation no "man" could touch the head; the hair was suffered to grow. The "shaving" of the head and burning of the hair were the prescribed sign of the fulfillment of the vow. All may know that these things... are nothing—R. V., "all shall know that there is no truth in the things whereby they have been informed concerning these."

The elders here advise Paul to adopt the expedient of Herod Agrippa, who had, long since, in order to give a public attestation of his Judaism, when he came to Jerusalem from Rome, laid out a considerable sum in defraying the expense of observing several Nazirites of their vow. Paul had himself lately finished a vow at Cenchrea by the cutting of his hair, but probably without Jewish abstinences or expressive sacrifices. He consented to this proposal, with the hope that it would give to the very object of his visit—access to the ears of these Judaic Christians fully to explain his course, and bring them also to the true position (Whedon).

25. Gentiles which believe—R. V., "which have believed." We have written and concluded—R. V., "we wrote, giving judgment." That they observe no such thing, save only—omitted in R. V. Offered to idols—R. V., "as if they were strangled." This decision concerning the Gentile Christians had been sent at an earlier period (See Acts 15: 28, 29). Paul is here assured that while the mother church is anxious that he, as a born Jew and a Christian teacher, should set himself right before his audience, they have no desire to impose this yoke of bondage upon the Gentile believers. The latter were to be free from restraint except in the matters specified.

The sum of the whole matter is this: that when the observance of the Jewish ceremonial law was urged as necessary to justification and acceptance with God, Paul resisted it; when it was demanded that its observance should be enjoined on the Gentiles, he opposed it; in all other cases he made no opposition to it, and was ready himself to comply with it, and willing that others should, also (Barnes).

26. Paul took the men—compulsed with the excellent proposal. Entered into the temple—R. V., "went into the temple." To signify the accomplishment—R. V., "declaring the fulfillment of the law" (Whedon).

ment." Until that offering should be offered—R. V., "until the offering was offered." The meaning seems to be that Paul became a Nazirite with these four men whose term had nearly expired; that he went to the temple to notify the priests that the days were nearly ended, and that he would be ready to make the necessary sacrifices for them and himself.

IV. Interim.

1. How sweet to a depressed spirit are sympathy and a warm welcome!

2. All pious souls rejoice in the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands.

3. The best of men will have their detractors.

4. Custom is a strong foe to progress.

5. Through what a struggle did the truth as it is in Jesus release itself from the rigors of the law as it is in Moses!

6. To deal with "the weak" requires the greatest delicacy and patience.

7. For the sake of peace and of the Gospel we should be ready to make any concessions that do not compromise principle.

V. Illustrative.

1. POWER OF CUSTOM.

In every part of the world man is too often the slave of custom; but in all the old countries of the East, where innovations have not been made, the people are most tenaciously wedded to their customs. Ask, "Why do you eat thus?" and the reply is, "It is our custom." Their implements of agriculture, their modes of sowing and reaping, their houses, their furniture, their domestic utensils, their vehicles, their vessels in which they put to sea, their modes of living, and their treatment of various diseases, are all regulated by the customs of their fathers. Offer them better implements, and better plans for their proceedings, and they will reply: "We cannot leave our customs; your plans are good for yourselves; ours are good for ourselves; we cannot alter" (Roberts).

2. PAUL'S BEHAVIOR CRITICISED.

Would there not be in such conduct on his part something which might be dangerously misrepresented as an abandonment of principle? If those Judaizers on whom he did not spare to heap such titles as "false apostles," "false brethren," "desecrated workers," "dogs," "emissaries of Satan," "the conclusion," had shaken the allegiance of his converts by charging him with inconsistency before, would they not have far more ground to do so now? The man who had written that the teaching of the Judaizers was a quite different gospel to his, and that any one who preached it was "accursed;" who had openly charged Peter with tergiversation for living judaically after having lived in Gentile fashion, who had laid it down as his very thesis that "by the works of the Law shall no flesh be justified," who had talked of the Law as a "curse" from which Christ redeemed us, and of being "dead to the Law;" who had even characterized that Law as a slavery to "weak and beggarly elements;"—was this the man who, without false impressions, avoid danger of death by doing something to show how perfectly orthodox he was in the impugned respect? A modern writer has said that he could not do this without untruth; and that to suppose the author of the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians standing seven days, oil-cakes in hand, in the Temple vestibule, and submitting himself to all the manipulations which accompanied the completion of the Nazirite vow, "is just as credible as that Luther in his old age should have performed a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln with pens in his shoes, or that Calvin on his deathbed should have vowed a gold-embroidered gown to the Holy Mother of God." But the comparison is illusory... Paul did not so much object to ceremonies, as to placing any reliance upon them (Farrar).

VI. Interrogative.

1. Who attended Paul to Jerusalem?

2. Who was his host?

3. How was he received?

4. What formal conference was held the next day?

5. Who were present, and who presided?

6. What attitude did the mother church observe towards Judaism?

7. What did Paul rehearse, and how was it received?

8. What act probably took place at this time which is not mentioned?

9. What charge did the elders allege was brought against Paul?

10. Was it true or false?

11. Describe briefly Paul's attitude towards the Law.

12. What concession did the elders propose?

13. How do you justify Paul's acceptance of it?

14. What was the attitude of the mother church towards the Gentiles?

15. What practical lessons do you derive from this narrative?

grees stronger than hot water; meat, from which nearly all the nourishment is extracted by boiling; coarse vail, watery carotid and gray, sour bread. The young lady who comes home after a few terms of this sort of diet may be very learned, but is pale and poor looking, lacking vigor and health. Give her Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic in the world for young ladies with impoverished blood—and bring the roses into her cheeks.

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CHUR

PAGE

[ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON
MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1885

Some Christians refuse to take an active part in the social meetings of the church through fear of embarrassment in speaking or praying. To such, the saying of Sidney Smith is applicable: "It is a very bad rule never to quit the house for fear of taking cold." There are thousands of active, useful laborers for Christ, both ministers and laymen, who, had they followed this bad rule, would have been dumb servants in the Lord's house to-day. But instead of being guided by the voice of their timidly, they listened to the command of duty, and found success where they had feared failure. So thou and I, likewise, thou hesitating one! Only be sure that you do it, not for vaingloriousness but from a set purpose to please the Lord.

HOW TO REACH THEM

It must be admitted, also, that the same falling away, in a degree, seen in the public congregations at the preaching services. It is becom-

BRIEF MENTION.

A lady writes from Dakota Territory:
"There is nothing in this western world so

mail upon the reception of 12 cents in postage stamps. P. O. Box 224, Dayton, Ohio.

The *American Agriculturist* for February is out with a new and very handsome cover, is lavishly and finely illustrated, and shows even fresh vigor in its editorial departments. It is without a rival in its special field among the agricultural papers of the country. Its publishers issue, as heretofore, a German edi-

speeches were made by Dr. Warren, Dr. G. St. els, Hon. J. H. Goodale, of Nashua, N. H., Henry Baylies, esq., Dr. William Rice, Hon. H. S. Tarbell, superintendent of schools, Providence, Prof. Wm. North Rice, and others. Dr. Tefft sent by telegraph the greetings of fifty years. The tables were handsomely and abundantly spread, and well served. Altogether, the occasion was a very pleasant one, and one whose repetition

which he retired from public office did not long hide his positive virtues, and during his later years he has largely and fully recovered the respect and esteem in which he had long been held. His death was instantaneous, affording another impressive lesson as to the uncertainty of human life, and the need of a constant preparation for the immortal world.

It is a singular coincidence that the beloved

After his own society had failed, he was not ashamed to show, the pastor applied to the public-spirited citizens outside. These responded generously. He corresponded

West Chelmsford. — At the recent quarterly conference the society was reported in a much improved state, and the return of Rev. A. R. Archibald was unanimously desired.

The Churches

[See also page 2]

MASSACHUSETTS

quarterly conference the society was
reported in a much improved state, and
the return of Rev. A. R. Archibald was
unanimously desired.

have
hearing
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Method

NORT
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church
equal



The Family.

CENTENNIAL POEM.

1784 - American Methodism - 1884.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

In seventeen hundred eighty-four,
To Lovely Lane, in Baltimore,
With letters from Wesley's pen,
Rode Bishop Coke and sixty men;
Some, bearing marks of cruel mobs had made
On cheek and brow, and others prayed,
And bled at the altar, and others prayed,
The red-hot thunderbolts of God.
No coward heart beat in that train—
Time-serving, trimming, soft, mean—
The staff for sixty martyr fires.
Rode singing by the city pines.

These sixty heroes, young and strong,
With hearts attuned to holy song,
The vanguard of a countless host
Illumed by the Holy Ghost,
In General Conference gathered there,
And saintly Coke sat in the chair.
That twenty-fourth December morn,
Big with the fate of souls unborn,
The outline of a church was wrought—
The masterpiece of Wesley's thought,
Bearing the seal of God's sweet will—
The Methodist Episcopal.

What issues hung on those brief days,
What joy gleamed through the heavenly place,
And glorified the glorious face
Of Him who died! What shadows fell
Upon the embattled hosts of hell!

For at that Christmas Conference then,
Out from the hearts of sixty men
A church was born, destined to mould
The young Republic's life, and hold
Her true to God, through stormy years,
Baptized in blood and blind with tears.

The world saw as that old year died
A people scattered far and wide
In bands and factions, torn and rent,
Nor ordinance nor sacrament,
One leaving mass of discontent.
The new year looked from heaven and saw
A church, held by one sovereign law,
In lines compact, North, South, East, West,
By ordination pastors sent and blest.

A Bishop, born of power divine,
In the true apostolic line,
His sainthood shining like a star,
Led on the host to glorious war.
The church for which a Wesley prayed,
A Fletcher intercession made,
To which a Coke gave his best years,
And Asbury nourished with his tears—
What could she other be than grand,
The strength and glory of the land?

Forth from the wilderness she came
With eyes of fire and sword of flame;
That march of victory begun,
Unparalleled beneath the sun.
She had no wealth, no prestige she,
No voice of cultured melody;
The power of God was all she knew;
She had but rams' horns—these she blew,
And strange, unearthly, startling tones
Swept o'er the valleys of dry bones.

And dead hearts with a new life beat,
And dead men stood to their feet.
A sweet, reviving, heavenly breath,
Rushed on the barren fields of death.
Amazed the cultured pastors heard
From unlearned men the mighty Word.
They preached in barns, school-houses, groves,
In cottage homes, by kitchen stoves,
And cried aloud to dying men,
"Ye must, ye must be born again."

Fresh from a second Pentecost,
Charged with a message to the lost,
They gave that message as it read,
Its promise sweet, its threatening dread;
The world might praise, it might condemn,
The blood of souls was not on them.
They forded streams, trod pathless woods,
Upon their backs their earthly goods,
Their saddles-bags held to their brims
John Wesley's prose and Charles's hymns.

Their study was the open air,
The horse's back their study chair;
And so God taught them how to think
Without the aid of pen and ink.
The theme, by day, on horseback wrought,
A masterpiece of holy thought,
Was preached at night in starting tones,
And answered by the cries and groans
Of souls in seas of anguish tossed,
Lost, without Christ—forever lost!

And this is how the fathers spread
The Gospel story, sweet and dread.
Their money came in scanty doles;
God paid their salaries in souls;
And never mean earth was made,
Were so munificently paid.

A soul! a soul for which Christ died,
Standing redeemed at His dear side,
Appeared of greater worth to them
Than gold or glittering diadem.
They loved, more than men love their lands,
A big revival on their hands.
They fasted, wept, and bowed in shame
Before the Lord until it came.

And seeing souls saved by the score
Bowed down again and asked for more.
Nothing of earthly glory they craved,
But souls they must and would have saved.
They poured their lives for Jesus out,
Then went to glory with a shout.
No churches stood with stately spires
To welcome them; no fractions choir
As changeful as the changing moons
Married their hymns to godless tunes.

They read, loud-voiced, a verse or two,
Then started in and sang them through,
And for a rest amidst the strain
They shouted, and sang on again.
A poorer, happier, holier band
Ne'er lived this side the promised land;
And everywhere they stood to preach
A heavenly fire flashed from their speech,
Revealing sin's eternal shame,
The great white throne, the lake of flame.

And careless souls viewed with surprise
Eternity before their eyes—
Its heights of rest all glory-crowned,
Its depths of doom where hope is drowned,
And straightway sought the anxious seat,
Fell down as lost at Jesus' feet;
Then rose, redeemed, and with a shout
Told all their well-found glory out,
With holy ardor onward pressed
To Benish lands of perfect rest.

And this is how the young church grew—
Men were converted through and through,
Knew just the place, the day, the hour,
When God came down in awful power,
Remembered all the bitter tears,
The deep distress, the dreadful fears,
Till Jesus stood revealed to save,
And full and free forgiveness gave.

And this is how the young church rose
Superior over all her foes.
The Pentecostal glory ran
From heart to heart, from man to man.
She stood a bush, a bush illumed,
A bush in fire, and unconsumed.

Then, later, glory to her name,
When all the land was wrapped in flame,
And God his thundering mandate gave
To strike the fetters from the slave,
Her Simpson came to Lincoln's aid,
Inspired his heart, his hands upstayed,
When faith was dim and hope was dumb,
Till victory came and martyrdom.

Her pastors on the battle-field
Beside the wounded soldiers knelt
When shot and shell rang through the air,
Breathing for dying men a prayer,
Lasting for words they faint would say

To wife and mother far away,
And to love's longing gaze replied:
"I'll write and tell them how you died."

Away with doubts! away with fears!
Safe, through a hundred checkered years
Our God hath led her people on,
Till, lo! the tender breaking dawn
Of a new century's morn beamed
Her thousands into millions swelled.

The church Coke formed in Lovely Lane,
Too humble even for disdain,
Homeless and friendless, priestless, ban'd
And outcast on every hand,
Marching through all the earth abroad,
The leader of the hosts of God!

If spirits aught of this world know,
Behold above their work below—
The harvest springing from the seeds
That slumbered in their words and deeds—
Can heaven a fuller joy reveal
Than that immortal sixty feel
To see the church for which they laid
Their great hearts down, and wept and prayed,
Standing, with college, hall and tower,
Supreme in numbers and in power,
Stretching away from shore to shore
Destined to live forevermore?

To those who stand within the veil,
From fields of strife we cry—All hail!
Church in the light, with crown'd brow,
The church below salutes you now!

O mighty, flaming Holy Ghost,
Fall on her ministerial host,
Crown them with more than mortal power,
The tongue of fire, more awful dower—
A zeal that never weary grows,
A faith that bright and brighter glows,
A might in prayer the fathers knew—
O sanctify us, through and through,
And make our spirits clean and sweet,
And blow the chaff out from the wheat,
And purge Thy true from branch to root,
That it may bear more, better fruit;
And in the century now begun,
Bless every land beneath the sun!

REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

BY MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

About twenty years ago, soon after I entered the Wyoming Conference with my husband as a minister's wife, I heard for the first time that wonderful man of God—the now sainted Bishop Simpson—preach. The Conference was holding its annual meeting in Owego, N. Y., and the Bishop was announced to preach on Sabbath.

The day was beautiful and bright. The people came in throngs, crowding the church to its utmost capacity. Hundreds stood outside unable to gain entrance, but waiting in patience, eagerly endeavoring to catch what they could hear through the open doors and windows.

The text chosen for the occasion was: "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." From the first the audience were interested. As the Bishop proceeded, the interest deepened, until every eye was fixed upon him, and every heart seemed torn to earth, unconscious of everything save that God was in the place speaking to them through His chosen servant. As he spoke of the afflictions of earth, "All his soul seemed steeped in pity," and the multitude were melted and swayed by the power of his eloquence; tears moistened every eye, and sobs were heard audibly all through the house. Then with seraphic sweetness, with heaven beaming from his eyes, he drew aside the veil and pictured the glory that should follow. As he went on reaching one climax after the other, telling us with glowing lips, and tongue of fire, and irresistible pathos, of the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," the great preacher was lost amid the halo which seemed to emanate from the divine Son of God; he was hidden behind the cross, enveloped in the cloud of glory, and his voice was lost amid the hallelujahs and shouts of praises which arose from his enraptured listeners. I have heard many great sermons from many bishops and eloquent divines, but for its melting tenderness, its overwhelming power upon the audience, I have never heard it equaled. I think the Bishop ever after regarded this as one of his brightest days.

When the Conference met nine or ten years after, in the city of Scranton, Pa., Bishop Simpson gave an address to the candidates for elder's orders. I heard the sermon in the morning, but did not attend the ordination service in the afternoon. When my husband returned he said, "Oh, I am so sorry you did not go! You have lost the most wonderful address I ever heard." "Tell me all about it," I said. "I cannot," he replied, "it beggars description. It was far beyond the sermon you have so often referred to." "It seems impossible, but let me hear all I can about it." "All I can tell you is that it was about John, on the Isle of Patmos. The Bishop took us up with him to the third heaven." Several clergymen were boarding at the same Christian home. Dinner was announced, and as they drew around the table I saw by the trembling lips and tearful eyes that hearts had been stirred to their depths. Not a word was spoken for some moments; they seemed to be filled with—

"The solemn awe that darts not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

When the blessing was asked, with subdued voices they murmured, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" and rising with one accord from the table they said, "Please excuse us, we cannot eat." They retired to the parlor, and I heard them pacing the floor, and saying in low tones: "We have meat that ye know not of. Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Let everything that hath breath praise the name of the Lord!"

We think few men have ever lived who could with such ease move all classes of society. The rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, the president in the White House and the bondman, all hung with equal pleasure upon his lips, and yearned for his companionship and counsel.

No man in Methodism ever succeeded in winning more fully the universal love of the church. In presiding over the deliberations of both the Annual and

the General Conferences, he never indulged in sarcastic wit, but at the expense of his brethren, but he ever maintained his quiet dignity, blending with it a father's care, a brother's love, and a Christ-like tenderness. Love to God and all mankind seemed to be the mainspring of every action of his life.

The last time we met him socially was but a few weeks before his death. Mrs. Simpson had invited the Methodist ministers' wives of our city to her own beautiful home, and with the Bishop, and her lovely daughters, seemed to be trying to out-ride each other in making it a banquet of love and joy and inspiration to all present. It was a season long to be remembered. As the Bishop stood at the table, with Mrs. Bishop Kingsley at his right hand, conversing with her, I was impressed with his saintliness. He seemed on the verge of heaven, and the words came to mind: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to your father and my father." I could not help thinking—ere long you will have ascended, and will be conversing with Bishop Kingsley around the throne of God in heaven.

No man was ever more loved in his own city. He was emphatically the man whom the people delighted to honor. All churches, all classes and conditions in society, mourn his loss as irreparable. As we look at the earthly side we say:—

"And oh, to think the birds can sing,
The sun can shine, the flowers can bloom,
And he whose soul was all divine,
Be darkly mouldering in the tomb!"

But why should we seek the living among the dead?
"Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, afflictment, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate and fill."

As we stand beside the new-made grave, mute with grief and blinded with tears, we hear the voice of the Eternal saying: "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." As we listen, our souls exult, and we join with our ascended Bishop in his last triumphant song on earth:—

"O would He more of heaven bestow,
And when we're torn to shreds and rent,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek.
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
To all eternity."

Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1884.

THE BLESSING OF SONG.

"What a friend we have in Jesus"—
Sang a little child once;
And a weary woman lay down
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear!"

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every weight;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed it in dear Helper's aid!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear—
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer!"

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As He was the sinners' Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

—Selected.

WHAT ONE OLD LADY THINKS OF ZION'S HERALD.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

Visiting an aged saint the other day, who, because of many infirmities, is now debared of the privilege of attending divine service, I asked her, "Do you wish to renew your subscription for Zion's Herald?" "Yes," said she, smiling, "I propose to take the old Herald as long as I live. Indeed, I do not know what I should do, now that I am shut in altogether, and see so few people, were it not for my church paper. It affords me the very best of company. No number of visitors could supply me with the amount of information brought to me weekly by the Herald. I did so much enjoy reading Estella Newhall's 'Experience,' a few weeks ago. Why, I knew Estella while she was yet a mere child. I drove her out in my own carriage the last time she was out of doors. I have been a subscriber for the Herald for many years. I could not now possibly keep house without it. I am especially interested in the information contained in its columns concerning the old preachers and their wives. I was converted in 1828 in northern New Hampshire, and from that day to this, have always been ardently devoted to Methodism, and interested in Methodist itinerants."

This testimony, on the part of this life-long, loyal, hearty Methodist, illustrates the importance of persuading Methodist people to subscribe for, and become readers of, their church paper when young. Having become attached to it in their youth, or in connection with their earlier religious life, they are not likely to be persuaded to part with it in after years. The religious paper read in one's childhood, or while our hearts are yet warm with our "earliest love"—a paper, moreover, associated, it may be, with memories of a godly father or sainted mother—must ever be esteemed an old friend, so fond and true that everything within cries out for its continued presence and ministry.

It is said that, though the patents on sewing machines expired some years since—in 1876—leaving the field open for as many new companies to enter as might desire, the old companies, nevertheless, still continue to monopolize the business of manufacturing sewing machines, and at scarcely reduced prices. The fact is, that women who

have been used to the Singer's, Wheeler and Wilson's, Grover and Baker's, and other popular machines, will have nothing to do with cheaper, and even better, instruments with which they are not familiar. A striking illustration of this of the force of education, the power of association, or the influence of habit.

In like manner, put a good religious paper into a family early enough, and keep it there for a season, and it becomes a fixture there, it may be, for many generations.

Our Girls.

BESSIE'S FINE PLANS.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT.

What Marred and What Mended Them.

Bess had a new diary. Like many another, she had written in it after a very irregular fashion; every page was well filled for the first fortnight of the year, then a few hurried lines in one place, a blank in another, showed that interest flagged, and the task was becoming irksome. By the first of February dust lay thickly on the pretty little blue book, and the Bible which lay beneath it, as well. Neither had been opened for several days, but Bess had found time for an afternoon's skating now and then. She had learned a new stitch in crochet, also, and several books had been hastily read and sent back to the library.

Why was it that she could not find time to write down, or even to keep, any more good resolves? That not a Psalm had been read since Monday morning, when the breakfast bell startled her from a happy day-dream of prizes to be won at school and praise at home? Perhaps she did not begin the week in the very best way; late to breakfast, and only just in time for school, she was cross and hurried all the morning, and made a failure of her lessons instead of receiving the perfect marks she had planned for herself.

Old people say that if you lose half an hour in the morning, you may lose all the rest of the day, and that the week is very apt to go on as it begins. Bess found before Friday night that there was far more truth than poetry in both these sayings. She was quite fond of making elaborate plans for the day's work and pleasure, but if the slightest check came in carrying them out, she would lose heart and give them up altogether, and perhaps sink through a novel, when she ought to be practicing her piano music, or throw an interrupted piece of work aside and forget it.

In a large family it is never easy to finish your day's work exactly as you plan it, but you can imagine that Bess did not find her week's work a very satisfactory one, with lessons half learned, sewing unfinished, and the fretted, tired feeling that comes from such trials as one makes for one's self by mismanagement.

The hardest work in the world is play out of season, and so Bess concluded, when she sprang up Saturday morning, knowing that all sorts of things must be done before night, and she might expect very little leisure in this holiday. Her room ought to have been nicely swept and dusted on Thursday, but Fred was looking over a new St. Nicholas when she went down to her breakfast, and the pictures fascinated her, too, for a half hour, and then it was too late.

Her work basket was heaped with the boys' stockings which she had promised grandma to mend regularly every week. Before Friday night, if grandma would only knit Fred and Gus some long scarfs to tie over their caps when they went skating. Grandma had done her part faithfully; the scarfs hung on the Christmas tree, and Bess was ashamed to give up quite yet, though she had preferred reading Miss Alcott's "Work" the night before, to doing her own work.

And mamma would expect to hear the piano for an hour after breakfast, and the parlor would be left for Bess to dust, and when it was time for baby to take his nap, she would have to rock him to sleep, and very likely set the dinner table after that. A good deal of work to be crowded into the short winter's day! Bess felt quite ill used as she hastily braided her hair. But, after all, whose fault was it? Though when you are in trouble, it is no special comfort to know that you yourself are to blame for it.

Bess planned out her day's work as she sat at the breakfast table, and finally concluded that, after all, if she hurried a good deal there would be an hour or two of the afternoon left her. She could have a little skating, or a walk down town, and another book from the library. So she rushed upstairs with broom and dust-pan, quite forgetting to latch a door behind her.

"Come back and shut the door," shouted Fred from the lower hall, "the wind's blowing all over grandma, and my hands are all paint."

"Do shut it yourself! I'm in a hurry," Bess called back, in rather a sharp tone, as she went on, and closed her own door.

Papa stood by the front door, putting on his overcoat, and before Bess could find her sweeping cap and apron he called her.

"What is it?" she asked, just putting her head out the door. But he made no reply, so she had to run downstairs again.

"Shut the dining-room door," was all papa said; and Bess began to feel extremely cross, when grandma and mama both spoke at once:—

"Here's a stitch dropped, dear; will you pick it up for me?" asked grandma, busy with baby's red stockings.

"My dear, you'll have to make a pudding for dinner; both the girls are busy this morning, and I cannot finish baby's dress if I stop to do it," said mama.

"Oh, dear me!" said Bess; but she picked up the stitch, and went into the kitchen to make her pudding without any more words. It was never worth while to argue with mama, for she was

not easily convinced; so Bess flew to the pantry and brought out milk and eggs and sugar, and presently was beating up the frothy whites in a large bowl for the floating island which all the family thought she made as well as mama or cook. The clock struck eight.

"Oh, well," thought Bess; "it's not so very late, after all. If I hurry, maybe I shall have some time to myself, and this evening I'll write up that diary. I certainly will, and next week I won't leave off a single day, no matter what happens."

And just as she started to slip the soft white mass on to the hot milk, what should that bowl do but fall to the floor, broken into twenty pieces. Too much haste, altogether.

Fred was rubbing the paint from his hands at the kitchen sink, and he shouted with laughter at this catastrophe, and the sour face Bess made. This was not agreeable to her at all, and as she finished her custard, she observed:—

"You needn't ask me to make sails for your boat, if you have got it painted. I won't do a single thing for you this winter. A boy that can't even shut a door for his sister!"

"Mighty good now, aren't you?" laughed Fred. It took a good deal to ruffle his temper. "Haven't got your diary full of good resolves this year, have you? Thought you were going to turn over a new leaf now. If I was you, I'd finish up some of the old ones."

But Bess was gone; she did not want to hear anything about new leaves, and it was surprising to see how fast the broom swept across her carpet, and in how short a time the room was neat and orderly again. Then came the piano practicing, which met with no interruptions, and after that Bess took her duster and went to work in the parlor; her fingers were rather unsteady, as the constant effort to make haste would be very apt to make them. So nothing seemed to go back into place as it should. The fringe on a Christmas card caught in her cuff button and tore out one whole side before she could unbutton it. Several times she dropped books on the floor, and heard mama in the next room say, "Oh, what is that?" And finally a small vase struck on the edge of the mantel and was badly cracked.

Bess grew more and more nervous and irritated as the day wore on. Baby was not one bit sleepy when the time came for his nap, and after she had rocked and sung a long time, and long lashes were slowly drooping over sleepy blue eyes, Gus came whistling up the front steps, and dropped his umbrella with a crash, and baby cried out, with a start. So then it was all to do over again, though Bess felt like anything but singing, as she heard the clock strike one.

And after dinner grandma must have some yarn wound, and Bess could not ask Fred to do it for her, after his evil behavior, neither would he offer to help "such a sulky," so there went a half hour. Bess had made out her plan very nicely for the day, but she left no room for these labors of love, and it was a very cross little girl who sat by her window late that afternoon, darning holes of all shapes and sizes in pairs of pair of socks. She would not walk unless she could run down to the library after tea, and mama did not like to have her out in the evening very often.

Before the stockings were done, mama called Bess to her room. Baby was fretting for a playmate, and his dress was not yet ready, so Bess must take nurse's place while mama sewed. Bess did not want to do it one bit.

"Why, my stockings are not all darned yet, and it is Saturday night, you know, mama, and I've had to do so many things to-day for other people! I did want to get through and write in my diary to-night, so I needn't begin in a snarl next week."

And Bess sighed like one who bears a heavy burden.

"I have been meaning to speak to you about your work," said mama. "You take very little pains to be obliging, and if you were to write an honest diary this week, it would please you very little to read it afterwards. Now take care of baby till nurse comes upstairs, for I must finish this work before dark."

Poor Bess! She had played one day, and skated another; begun without finishing and planned to no purpose, and when the clock struck nine, she was just drawing her needle through the last hole.

"Oh, how horrid everything is!" she said to herself, with eyes full of very impatient tears. "I'll go and talk to grandma a little while before bedtime. Maybe she'll help me."

But when Bess had drawn her stool close to grandma's chair in the lamplight, she could do nothing but cry over her failures and disappointed hopes of perfection.

"There! There! Poor child, you didn't begin right," said grandma, finally. "My mother used to say, 'Well begun's half done,' and so it is, dear; but I doubt you didn't begin in the right place."

"Why, grandma!" cried astonished Bess; "I'm sure I began well enough, always. It's the keeping on that bothers me! Why, my diary is all full, every page, just the first of it, you know, and I used to read six Psalms every day, and I never had a bad mark till last week. Why, I began beautifully, this year! And you don't know how many plans I've made, to get work done and do good and—why—everything, you know, grandma. But it's no use! I can't keep it up, and besides, everybody hinders me so."

And Bess cried bitterly.

"Bess," said grandma, gently; "did you ask for help when you made your plans this year, or did you think it wasn't necessary?"

"Why, yes, of course. At least, I did sometimes. Well, generally. Not about my diary or every-day things like that, you know, so much. But I always say my prayers, grandma, of course."

"Why, where do you want to be helped, little Bess, if you don't ask for it in every-day things? You didn't begin right when you planned perfection in your own strength. Now, Bess, have you finished one piece of work this month?"

"No, except I've read four new books from the library," said honest Bess.

"Your lessons are not very well marked, either?"

"No, ma'am."

"And mama thinks you might keep your room nicer, and help her more downstairs?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You were late to breakfast nearly all the week, got discouraged every day because you had to hurry so, and since one thing was not perfect, you let everything else go. Is that a good way? To give up a good plan because you cannot carry it out altogether?"

"No, I know it isn't, grandma," said Bess, "but what shall I do? Not have any plans at all? And I really think I'll burn my diary up, for I never have written one much, after the first part, you know. Don't you think it would be just as well not to try at all? And then I shouldn't get so cross."

"My dear," said grandma, "I think it is very good discipline for you to keep a diary and write in it faithfully all the year; only don't be cross when you neglect it for a time. Make up your mind to begin right, now, to-night. Make your plans and ask God to help you carry them out, and then remember that if the interruptions come, it is because He sends them. You know that, Bess, and if you will think of it oftener, I don't believe you'll find it so hard to keep your temper. And when you begin a piece of work, don't give it up, but have it done before you call your conscience clear. I would try to put in a line to that diary every day all the year, and let it tell of something finished. You can make all the plans you want to, dear, but don't give them up, sit about with a story book when things go crooked. The time for that is after all your work is done. And if you can't read six Psalms a day, try one, or even one verse, if you profit by it afterwards. But remember, little girl, nothing will ever go right if you try to work in your own strength."

"I'll try again, grandma," Bess said, in a tired voice, "but I'm almost discouraged, and that's the truth."

"I think you needed to be, or the trouble would not have come," said grandma, with her good-night kiss.

Bess did try again, with an earnest prayer for wisdom and strength, and the new leaf was a brighter one. Old habits are not easily broken; sometimes a task was neglected, or a cross word irritated the boys, but day after day Bess tried to improve her record, and when the year closed, her diary had few blank pages and none blanks; and on many a page was the record of such and such a little task "all done and finished up to-day." Every one of these little useful works thus "finished up" was a victory for Bess. It gave her great satisfaction to think, "Well, that's done, anyhow," and she grew stronger all the while in the feeling that she could do and finish what she undertook, and the habit of doing so became a great strength and blessing to her.

How was it that she got into this better way of doing? I'll tell you. She remembered what grandma told her. She began to get up a little earlier in the morning, and began to pray, every morning, that God would help her to keep her good plans and realize about the little every-day matters of life, and then she tried hard, and over and over, to help herself. And every little success made her stronger for good, and made the next success easier.

Ridgefield, Conn.

BLESSINGS.

The stony path, the stormy sea,
The darkened sky,
The desert loneliness, the long
Unanswered cry;
The failures, hindrances that came
To mar our way,
The small, strange crosses—blanks
We could not fill;
The work put by, the idleness
We scarce could brook;
The useless, pain-filled days beside
Our empty nook;
The hyssop and the bitter herbs that fell
Unto our share,
And sharpness, weakness at hand
To deepen care!

Blessings, true blessings, falling fast
Around our life,
He kept them from as well as for
The pruning-knife;
And as each blessing falls, it is
The one we need,
The pasture

(Continued from page 5.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RALPH CUDWORTH: A Study of the True Intellectual System of the Universe, by Charles E. Lowrey, A. M. 12mo, \$1. New York: Published by Phillips & Hunt. For sale in Boston by J. P. Magee. The immense volume containing the original treatise of Cudworth discourages the amateur student in intellectual philosophy. To prepare the way for his thorough study, or to meet the want of the student with limited time, this condensed, but adequate, exposition of the great work of the strongest opponent to the materialistic theory of Hobbes in the seventeenth century has been prepared. The accomplished author has performed an excellent service. He has introduced the author in the most favorable guise to many readers, who, after studying this treatise, will, perhaps, be ready to undertake the larger work.

Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati, issue **ANALYTIC ELOCUTION**, by James E. Murdoch. The author is the well-known actor and popular reader, who gives in this volume the result of forty years' study and vocal culture, with a life-long experience on the stage and platform. It is an exhaustive treatise, with abundant vocal exercises and illustrations. It is commended to the consideration of our teachers of elocution. It makes a stout duodecimo of 500 pages. \$1.00.

MADAM: A Novel, by Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is a story of domestic life; a mysterious and dramatic tale, full of sensational incidents, ending quite tragically, showing, as do all Mrs. Oliphant's romances, great skill in plot and execution, and exhibiting a marvelous fruitfulness of invention. The characters are vividly drawn.

From the same House we have **THE LOST CITY**, or, **The Boy Explorers in Central Asia**, by David Keiser. This is an extravagant and highly amusing account of the adventures of two youths in Afghanistan. It is almost equal to a chapter in Gulliver.

Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati, issue the **ELOCUTORY COMPLETE BOOK KEEPING**, by Ira Mayhew. 12mo, 50 cents. This seems to be a clear, simple system, readily apprehended, and has stood the test of actual experiment for twenty-five years. It is arranged to meet the wants of different styles of business—the simplest and most intricate. It is worthy of the examination of commercial school teachers.

From the same publishers we have, **ONAL LESSONS: A Manual for Teachers**, by E. E. White, A. M., LL. D. This volume will be an appreciated aid to the teacher who seeks to quicken and develop the intellectual faculties of her classes by oral lessons in figures; and only such a teacher can hope to secure good results. Ample directions are given, and abundant problems, rising from the simplest to the more complicated, are provided.

EUPHRASIA AND ALBERTA: Poetic Romances, by John Ab Thomas Jones. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. The first drama is in Spenserian verse, the last in a living measure. The romances are well told in musical and well-constructed stanzas.

DUDLEY DUMPS, or, **John Ellard the Newboy**, by F. Ratford Starr, M. A. Fifth edition, enlarged. 12mo, 75 cents. Philadelphia: The American Sunday-School Union. The author was a friend and teacher of the city newboys. He tells an interesting and pathetic story of the good work done among these street wanderers, illustrated by the affecting incidents in the life of John Ellard. We have often visited the Newboys' Home in New York, and listened to their exercises with great pleasure. This is a profitable little volume.

Obituaries.

FREDERICK BAYLIES was born in Woodstock, Conn., March 22, 1797, and died at Edgartown, Dec. 2, 1884, in the 87th year of his age.

His father, Rev. Frederick Baylies, removed from Tanton to Edgartown in the early part of this century, and was for some years engaged in teaching and afterwards, till his death, missionary to the Indians of Martha's Vineyard, Chappaquiddick, and to the tribe at Charlestown, R. I. When of age Mr. Baylies followed his father to Edgartown and married Velma Worth, daughter of Deacon Jonathan Worth, a lady whose memory is ever precious to all who knew her. Mr. Baylies was by trade a carpenter, and an excellent one. As architect and builder he constructed some of the best buildings in Edgartown. In 1836 he entered upon mercantile business, which he continued for more than forty years, till declining health and changed methods of business led him to retire from active life.

In about 1832 Mr. Baylies united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. His conversion dates some years previous. He was a useful and active member of the church, faithful, but not demonstrative, in religious duty. As steward and trustee he served long and efficiently, and as superintendent of the Sunday-school for a brief term. He was one of the three original lessees of the Martha's Vineyard camp-ground, and personally and actively engaged in instituting and establishing the meeting which has become so famous.

Mr. Baylies was for many years a faithful servant of the town in its principal offices, and was in successive terms its selectman, town treasurer. He was among the first to espouse the cause of temperance, and was run as a temperance candidate for representative to the Legislature in the early days of the movement. When a young man, on the plantations of Calhoun and other men of national fame in South Carolina, he learned to hate slavery, and always voiced on the side of liberty.

Mr. Baylies was a man of unimpeachable integrity, of sterling common-sense and superior judgment, well read in matters of general interest, exact in recollection and statement of facts, dignified and somewhat stern in general demeanor, but always courteous, and among his intimate friends, quite humorous. He was a faithful and devoted husband and a considerably indulgent father. He was married three times, and leaves a widow, and a son by his first wife—Henry Baylies, esq., a member of the Boston bar.

ANAKA RICHARDSON, a native of Millbury, died suddenly at that place, Nov. 3, 1884, aged 60 years.

Brother Richardson was converted at Cherry Valley, under the labors of Rev. George Dunbar, nearly forty years ago; and from that time to this he has continued a steadfast, active and exemplary member of the Methodist Church. Brother R.'s piety was of the quiet and unobtrusive type, yet was it deep and fervent. Our departed brother was a man of remarkable gentle temper. His cheerfulness, indeed, was invincible. He had a kind word, a pleasant smile, and a warm palm, for every one. For several years he served most acceptably as church usher, in which capacity he always had a cordial welcome to extend to every comer. His life is universally deplored in town. He will be long remembered

by a bereaved church, and sincerely mourned by his suddenly and sadly stricken family.

Mrs. JULIA M. P. THURMUND died in Keene, N. H., Nov. 13, 1884, aged 61 years. She was born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., and was the oldest daughter of Dr. Jeremiah and Maria Dickman. In 1836 she married L. W. Trumbull, and for twenty-eight years their interests and life were sympathetically one. In early life she embraced the religion of Jesus Christ, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. For nearly a score of years she was deprived of good health, and her attendance at the means of grace was not as regular as she wished, but her interest in the church of her choice never abated for a single moment.

She was a great sufferer for many years, but she never murmured, and in her ministry to friends, of whom she had many, she forgot her own discomfort, and delighted to make her home inviting to those who enjoyed her lavish hospitality. Respecting her own religious experience she said very little, but she was always true to her convictions of what a Christian ought to believe and do. Her death was sudden. Her memory is enshrined in many hearts, who mourn not as those who have no hope, while they give to her lonely husband their tenderest sympathy.

Mrs. MARTHA ARRY, of Backsford, Maine, departed this life in Boston, May 17, 1884. This good and godly woman was many years ago converted under the labors of Rev. Phineas Higgins. In 1838 she was baptized by Father Bray, and joined the first Methodist class in Backsford village, at that time consisting of six members. When the Sabbath-school was organized, she was elected one of the teachers, which position she faithfully filled for twenty-one years. She was a woman of rare gifts and graces, always at her post, a diligent worker in the church and for the cause of temperance. Her only son, Rev. B. S. Aray, is an honored member of the East Maine Conference.

When conscious that her end was near, she felt a strong desire to depart to her heavenly rest from the home of her nativity. But the messenger came and would not tarry; so gathering her robes about her, she stepped into the triumphal chariot, and passed under the gates of the golden city.

L. L. HANSCOM.

ENOCH CARTER was born at Littleton, N. H., Aug. 1, 1833, and died at Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 4, 1884.

He was converted at Littleton about fifty-two years ago, under the labors of Rev. S. Williams, Lovjoy, and Lamb, who were the earliest preachers at that time. He was an earnest worker in the church, and filled every office except that of local preacher. He was trustee, steward, Sunday-school teacher, superintendent, and class-leader for many years. His children were two sons and two daughters. His oldest son, Truman, entered the Methodist ministry, and is a member of the N. H. Conference, though now laboring in Kansas on account of his health. His son Horace is a local preacher and ordained deacon, preaching almost every Sunday.

Brother Carter removed to Chelsea nearly twenty years ago, and connected himself with the Mt. Bellingham Church, where his daughter, Mrs. Armstrong, is still connected. His wife Mary was born in Barney, Vt., 1808, and died in May, 1882. They were both converted and connected themselves with the church about the same date, and were devoutly pious and earnest Christians. Their end was peaceful and their memory blessed.

S. L. GRACEY.

Rev. JAMES M. YOUNG was born in Manchester, N. H., Oct. 24, 1809, and died in Manchester, Nov. 29, 1884. He was the son of Jonathan and Mary Young.

When Manchester was a part of what was known as Poplin church, under the ministry of Rev. John Brodhead as senior preacher, and Rev. Caleb Lamb as junior preacher, a gracious revival was experienced in Manchester, in which over eighty persons were converted. Two young men—James McCaline and James M. Young—were converted in this revival, both of whom joined the N. H. Conference at the same time. James McCaline died in 1839, and is buried in Manchester. The two classmates now sleep side by side in the same cemetery.

Bro. Young was converted in September, 1827, and baptized and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church the following year, at Manchester Centre, by Rev. Matthew Newhall. In September, 1832, he received an exhorter's license, and June 22, 1833, he was licensed as a local preacher. In July, 1834, he was received on probation in the New Hampshire Annual Conference, at West Windsor, Vt., when the N. H. Conference included all the territory now embraced in both the New Hampshire and Vermont Conferences. At the session of the N. H. Conference held at Montpelier, Vt., in September, 1836, he was received into full connection in the traveling ministry, and Sept. 4, 1836, was ordained a deacon by Bishop Hedding. July 16, 1838, he was ordained an elder by Bishop Morris at Danville, Vt. June 10, 1838, he was married to Eliza Bates, of Dover, N. H., by Rev. Eleazer Smith.

His appointments were as follows: 1834, Rye, N. H.; '35, Grantham, N. H.; '36, Cavendish, Vt.; '37, Barrington and Stafford, N. H.; '38, Barrington, N. H.; '39, Scabrook, N. H.; '40 and '41, Methuen and Dracut, Mass.; '42 and '43, East Kingston, N. H.; '44, Milton, N. H.; '45, New Bedford, N. H.; '46, Haverhill, N. H. Here his health failed, and at the session of the Conference in May, 1846, he took a superannuated relation, and remained in that relation until his death.

Since Bro. Young became superannuated he preached three years and a half at Chester, N. H., where he organized the society and built the church which we have there. He also supplied as opportunity and his strength permitted in several other places. He could not rest of doing all in his power to lead men to Christ. Sinners were converted on every charge where he labored, and on some charges he had glorious and sweeping revivals of religion.

Brother and Sister Young had two sons and two daughters. Only the sons, with their bereaved mother, survive him, in the blessed hope of reunion.

Bro. Young's life covered three-fourths of the century which has witnessed the glorious triumph of Methodism in this country; and his work in the ministry covered one-half of the century. Since his superannuation he has lived on a small farm near Manchester Centre. He has always been an appreciative friend and true helper to his pastor. He has long taught a class in the Sunday-school, and often conducted meetings when the preacher in charge could not be present. During the past summer he has conducted a prayer-meeting at his own house every Sunday afternoon, and souls have been saved in those meetings.

Bro. Young was a man of strong convictions, an earnest and forcible preacher, and of great power in prayer. For a few days before his decease he had not been quite as well as usual, but no one supposed the end was so near. On Saturday night, Nov. 29, he arose from his bed and went into an adjoining room to make a fire. His wife asked him why he was making a fire, and he replied, "I am going to sit up, for I cannot lie in bed," when he staggered and fell to the

floor without speaking again, and in a few moments his spirit had returned to God. He had often said he expected to go suddenly. He did not require a long time to prepare to obey his Master's summons; for he had attended to that all-important matter long ago; and so when his walk with God on earth was done, and the summons to go came suddenly, "he was not, for God took him."

J. W. PRESSY.

Departed this life for a home above, Oct. 20, 1884, Mrs. HANNAH WRIGHT. She was born in Newburyport, Mass., Sept. 10, 1825.

When quite young her parents removed to Boston. In early life she attended the Congregational Church, under the pastorate of Rev. Nehemiah Adams, but in early womanhood she joined the Methodist Church in Church Street. Soon after her parents removed to Lowell, Mass., where she joined Hurd St. Church, and for many years was a consistent, faithful Christian. She loved her place of God. In the prayer and class-room her place was always filled. May 4, 1850, she was married to Stephen W. Wright, of Lowell, and was a loving, faithful wife, bearing many responsibilities; and for many years she found in doing for others the blessing of the Master. She was for the last five years of her life, most of the time, a great sufferer from a complication of diseases; for the last year being nearly blind and deaf. She tried to read in the Bible and in Zion's Herald, and one day, after holding the paper close to her eyes, she laid it down and said, "I shall never read more, but I shall see the King in his beauty when I get my new eyes over here." One by one the Methodists of the early days pass on. For many years she was an honored member of the Hurd St. Church. Her husband is left lonely in his declining years, but has the memory of her faithful life and peaceful death, and the hope of reunion in the better land.

S.

Died, in Denmark, Me., Aug. 6, 1884, S. E. KIMBALL, aged 36 years.

At the age of twenty-one years he became a disciple of Christ, and united with the Congregational Church in South Bridgton, Maine. Five years later he removed to Lynn, Mass., and joined the St. Paul's M. E. Church, with which he remained connected until his death. He served eight months in the late war, where he received injuries on account of which he was honorably discharged, and which caused his last sickness and his death. He was a young man of more than ordinary promise. Of fine social qualities, good business talents, irreproachable character, and industrious habits, he acquired an honorable standing with business men and achieved gratifying success.

In the church he held the office of trustee, steward, and successfully S. C. teacher, assisting superintendents, and superintending all these positions he filled with great acceptability. He was elected to the last-named office in December, 1883, which he filled until the following May, when failing health compelled him to resign. He held a large place in the affections of the school, and every department of it felt his energy and enterprise. He held before him high ideals conceived by extended observation and inquiry, and ardently longed to see them actualized in a great work for the Master. To relieve his hopes of this in the prime of life, in the midst of appreciative friends and in the bosom of a beautiful family, cost him a severe struggle; but he meekly bowed to the divine will. His piety was unobtrusive, thoughtful and uniform. His sufferings in the last stages of his disease—consumption—were extreme, but were borne without a murmur, and ended in a peaceful sleep in Christ. A wife and two children mourn his loss.

WM. R. CLARK.

Died, in Portland, Me., Dec. 9, 1884, MRS. NERVA PERRY, daughter of Richard and Betsey Waterhouse, of Scarborough, Me.

She married Ephraim Perry, of Scarborough, and settled in Portland. They had six children—Helen, who married Geo. W. Kyles, and settled in Cambridge, Mass.; Elizabeth, who married Albert Langmaid, and settled in Portland; Hester Ann, who married Samuel Shaw, and settled in Standish, Me.; Augustus Willard, who married Sarah Milliken, and settled in Portland; Henrietta, who married W. R. Garland, and settled in Portland (and with whom she died); and Marenia, who died in infancy. She experienced religion at the age of sixteen, in a revival of religion in Scarborough, and soon after united with the M. E. Church in that place. Soon after marriage she came to Portland and became one of the leading members of the M. E. Church at the West End. She was always a consistent Christian, a devoted mother, a kind neighbor, a true friend, a peace-maker, always settling disputes and strife when and wherever possible, and striving to live and persuade others to live in the unity of the Spirit and in the bonds of peace. She will be greatly missed by her family and in the neighborhood where she lived a widow thirty-nine years, and in the church. She died as the true Christian dies. Her last words, spoken in whispers, were, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!" Peace to her ashes, and may her children and neighbors follow her example as she followed Christ!

Mrs. MARY KENNE (née RAWSON) died in South Paris, Me., Nov. 21, 1884.

Tender and sadly interesting letters from the bereaved friends inform the writer of this, that after months of poor health and a few days subsequent to the birth of a bright boy, our "May" has gone home. Five and a half years ago, in revival meetings near her home, she gave her heart and life to the Saviour; a favorite with all who knew her, it was an occasion of much rejoicing. The few years she has had in which to serve her Lord and His church have been years of Christian living and influence. Some four years since she married Bro. Leslie F. Keene, of South Paris, now of Boston.

Mary died in the peace of Christ at her old home in South Paris, where her mother resides, tenderly cared for to the last by her husband and other friends, one of whom (a sister) is the wife of Rev. S. D. Brown, of the Maine Conference. Letters were found addressed to friends and written some weeks before her decease, in which she spoke of her expectation of an early departure, and expressing calm, happy trust in God. "In this my hour of need," she wrote, "it is such a comfort to feel that 'the eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'" Rev. Bro. Foss conducted funeral services at the house. We think of thee, May, as 'slept in thy immortality.' Farwell, but not forever.

F. C. R.

Died, in Dresden, Me., Nov. 27, Mrs. ANNIE B. SAVAGE, wife of Silas Savage, aged 66 years, 4 months.

The subject of this sketch was converted to God in early life, and united with the Freeville Baptist Church in the town of Bath. She loved the church of her choice, and for a number of years was a faithful teacher in the Sabbath-school. Since the year 1869 she has resided in Dresden, and attended the M. E. Church when health and family care would permit. During these years Sister S. has followed many a dear one to the lonely grave, and returned each time to say, "God's grace is sufficient for me."

Her sickness was long and severe; yet she

bore it without a murmur, saying to the writer, "I would gladly live to care for my children, but God's will be done; and thus submitting to the Divine will, she passed peacefully away to join the church above. Husband, children and two sisters remain this side of the flood to mourn their loss. Our departed cometh not back to our sad homes in this vale of tears, but we move on toward their bright home above, where all tears are wiped away, and rest remaineth for the people of God."

J. T. C.

Died, in Haverhill, N. H., Sept. 4, 1884, Mrs. SARAH SANBORN MORRISON, aged 77 years.

For seventeen years she has lived the life of God hid with Christ, being converted in 1866, at the death of her husband. For years she has been a sufferer, most of the time confined to her home. But there she was queen; and in the spirit of meekness she daily set forth the virtues of the gospel of Jesus. Unable to attend church or to take an active part in its conflicts, yet she was felt through her family, being a woman of strong character and will-power. Upon those with whom she came in contact was there left an impression for good. Writes a friend to her daughter after the decease: "The months I spent in your home I can never forget; the impression your mother made upon me, the influence she had over me, yet abide with me for good." And so with all of us who went in and out before her. We found a counselor and friend, one ever solicitous for our welfare, and now feel as if we indeed had been bereaved. But thanks be to God, our loss is her gain. "Absent from the body, but present with the Lord."

One year ago, Mother Morrison, as we sometimes called her, had a severe attack of sickness. For weeks there was little hope of life. Through the fall and winter she suffered, and with the spring rallied so as to be able to leave her room. But the silver cord was surely loosing, the wheel was breaking at the cistern, and very quietly in autumn, having taken her leave of her large family, her spirit fled to its God.

Four of her children living here, and many grandchildren, are all interested in our Methodist. Her four sons, three of whom are veterans of the war, bore her to our city of the dead upon the hill, overlooking the Connecticut, and the present pastors, with two predecessors, officiated at the funeral services. "She rested from her labors and her works follow her."

W. R.

Bro. ELPHALET NICKERSON passed suddenly, yet peacefully, into the land of the immortals from the home of his daughter (Mrs. S. Stone), in Brewer, Dec. 2, 1884, at the ripe age of 89 years. Born in the eighteenth century, Dec. 8, 1795, his life yet stretched well across the nineteenth. The most of the facts of our church history were events under his observant eye.

The exact date of his conversion is uncertain, but was very near the threshold of his married life in 1821. His religious life at once became positive, and he identified himself with the church, he soon became one of its officials. He was under the training of his father, who had for years been the leader of the class in the neighborhood until age compelled him to resign in 1847, when the son succeeded to the father and held the position until his removal from Orrington to Brewer in 1864. A son was in training who, probably, would have taken the position, in turn, had not death taken him first.

Bro. Nickerson was twice married, first, Oct. 24, 1821, to Miss Jerusha B. Eldridge, by whom four daughters were given them. Second, June 18, 1837, to Miss Sarah Barker, who bore him two sons and one daughter. The second wife passed on before him, Aug. 7, 1880. Of the children one son was lost at sea, and the other died in his country's service. The others all survive. With the youngest daughter, Mrs. Stone, he made his home in his last days with great content, and from this home went out to his eternal rest. Surrounded by pleasant associations, and by his competency relieved from all care, these closing years were very sunny and restful.

His last sickness had very little of pain, and by a swift release God let him out to the company of the immortals. He saw the shadow coming for some weeks, and talked of it as calmly as a visit. He was ready of it as no dread. Of his life there is but one record; those who have known him for half a century agree in the one testimony: "He was a true, consistent, Christian man. Quiet and unassuming, he made but little show, yet his religion was in every department of his life. 'Perfectly reliable' was the verdict of one who had dealt with him forty years. A happy, wholesome life God crowned with a peaceful, honored death and a sincere mourning."

W. W. M.

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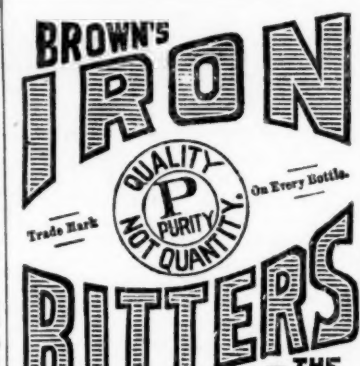
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